[All the Year fround.] Can I forgive: Nay, sure I do not know Donr love, give me your band, sit by the Wint have they done to ust How fell the

Nay dear one, do not speak. See, leaping higher,
The tintel flames spring up to show your fore; I watch you cented in the well-known place. A little auguish, trouble, fame aspersed;

The other world looked coldly for awhile;
The sterm cloud lowers, yet it did not burst,
It only nid the summer's glorious smile. It only threatened, shed one tiny tear; It did not touch your faith in me. my dear!

May be, dear heart, sweetheart, the fervent We had in human kind is not so strong; Yet did we not expect too much? Unjust "Twould be to blame the maker of

9 dig. If some voice unattuned took up the lay, And with harsh notes swept all the What have they done, then, sweet? The dear old home,
All girt with green, and cradled in the

Is ours no more; no longer may we roam
When eventide with all its grandeur fills
The hollow in the distance—may no more
Wander at night along the river shore! Yet close your tender eyes, lean your dear head Upon my shoulder. All comes back in

I seem your flowers—see the glowing red That round your window autumu's hand ha is traced; I see the river run its course of gold, The bills arise to great us as of old.

They can not take these pictures from us They may not enter here our hearth be-They can not spoil Dame Nature calm and They may not mar our love, or mar our Ah, dearest! love me still, and while we

We have no fos-there's nothing to forgive. WOMAN AND HOME.

FASHION HINTS, KITCHEN HELPS AND PICTURES FROM REAL LIFE.

Washington Society's Perlis-Brief Love Tale-Mether's Room-A Woman's Fortune -Table Fashions-Dress -A School Girl's Ro

[Philadelphia Press.] I suppose normal school girls of the pres-ent generation are not radically different from those of my day. Human nature is the same, the world over, and normal school girls are not exempt from pride of dress, of wealth, of superior beauty, and of high social position. Sometimes they too plainly show their contempt for those less favorably situated. These reflections bring to mind a pale, delicate looking girl, in cas of the lower classes, who was always shabbily dressed. Many of the girls looked down upon her and in their forced intercourse greeted her coldly and almost discourtecusiy. She was not a very bright scholar and evidently maintained her position, which was always near the end of the class,

by persistent and dogged effort. One day, in response to the daily roll-call, "absent" was registered opposite her name, and it was several days before, inquiry being made as to the cause, her history became known. She was fatherless, and her consumptive mother pinched and planned and worked and saved to keep her at school long enough to be graduated and obtain a teacher's cortificate. The mother's feeble strength was insufficient to entirely provide for the maintenance, but she struggled on manfully and the girl assisted her to bear life's heavy They worked at shirtmaking, and every minute that could possibly be spared out of school hours was devoted to unremitting teil. This was the cause of her insufficiently prepared lessons. The double strain was too much for her, however, and a viru-lent fever laid her low.

When the truth became known there was a reaction in the class. The better and kindlier feelings of the girls were aroused and quickened into life, and when, paler and and quickened into life, and when, paier and frailer than ever before, the object of their sometime pity and contempt returned to school she received a greeting that brought the tears of grateful joy to her eyes. It is not strange that cheered, strangthened, and encouraged by the love and friendship of her classimates the thorny path of learning had more of reses in it for her. She was never brilliant, but by patient and persist-ent study showas at last enabled to grad-

Her ambitious plans did not end here however, and upon the death of her mother, about a year after, she obtained a position in the public schools. She began, little by little, to save out of her scanty salary enough money to take a course in medicine She graduated with honor, and on the occa-sion of my visit last December to a thriv ing New England town, I met her-this pale, patient girl-now become a weman honored, respected and in the possession of a lucrative practice. Here is no isolated it is true that the same combination of circumstances may not have occurred to any other pupil, but a large percentage of the graduates earned their diplomas by strict economy, hard work and patient selfdenial on the part either of themselves or

Washington Society's Peals.

Gail Hamilton asked a society girl some days ago, "What are society's perils for young women?" and she answered, "In Washington lack of men," and this led Gail to make the following observations: "For girl+ this is true. There are plenty of men in Washington. Perhaps in no city in the United States is society worth so much while as in Wa-hington, because so many distin-guished men gather there. In no party do you fail to see groups, any one member of which would be consid-ered worth making a feast for in other cities; but the distinguished men of Washington scarcely come at an earlier period than their early middle life. They are in Washington because they have al ready won more or less eminence. They are past the uncertainty, the hesitancy, the un-reality of life, and are bent on definite pur-The young men, the natural mates for the gir , are in other cities and districts practicing law, learning to edit newspapers, canter ng over cattle ranches, preaching sermons to young women and probably making a poor fist of it), exploring mines, earning money, watering fame. By and by they will rome to Washington, but in that day our girls will not be girls any more. A very few of these young men are in Washington, but very few, hardly enough to go round. Consequently a girl who goes into society encounters the peril of not finding stimulating minds among her younge

"And there are perils of 5 o'clock teas, ruineus to digestion, and always the peril of confounding the cakes and candles of life with roast boof. 'Society' is so fascinating is refre him nt and rest, not steady work."

A Love Tale in Brief.

Long Kratz was a sweet German pink, of Hamburg, heartwhole until 19 years old, when John Daganon appeared in the village. The German lassies began setting their cape for the bandsome fellow; but his affections tell on Lena Kratz, who treater him coquet tishly—nice to-day and coldly to-morrow. He determed to settle the matter, and asked her to marry him: "Yes," naively an-nounced Lena, "if father consents," she ad-ded. "Renounce your country!" said this ded. "Renounce your country!" said this umpire. "Never!" said the lover. "Then you will never well my Lena," cried the patriotic Dutchman. Lena was true to her father. John leaves without a trace as to his where-

The cruel parent dies. Lens is sole heir. over the tire. In the spring of the year it is

Lena's tove prompts per to search for John She comes al ne. She searche all the large cities, and the last one is Chiengo. Even there she finds him not. there she determines to go to New York, thence home. At the Grand Central dep-t backmen all but tear her to pieces. She is pulled here and there. "Oh, let me alone please," she piteously cries. "I do not want a carriage." Their rudeness is checked carriage." Their rudeness is clone, carriage. "Leave that woman alone, delenty. "Leave that woman alone, "D suddenly. "Leave that woman called out a stalwart young backman you want to tear her to pieces?" His fists scatter the mob quickly. Turning, he be-gan, "Please accept a seat"—his arms are flung arouni the young girl, and he cries, "Bless my soul, it is Louat" Wedding.

Realthy Dress for Growing Girls.

(Chicago Tribune Selection.)
I know I shall astonish a good many peo-de when I say that I think that venerable ple when I say that I think that vene able and highly respected article of female dress, the chemise, may advantageously be wholly dispensed with. Every one is supposed to have a chemise "to her back," but that this supposition is not wholly true was proved to when at the seaside last autumn two

girls, mutual friends of mue, and whom I introduced to each other, went out one warm day with me to bathe. One said to the other: "I am afraid you will be awfully shocked when you see me undress."
"Shocked! Why?" "Well, I hardly like to
tell you; but the fact is, that I have so little
on." "I don't wear much," said the other. on." "I don't wear much," said the other.
"All I have is combinations, stays, and one
pottleoat under my dross." Curiously
enough, both those girls were dressed in pre-

cisely the same way, in woolen combina-tions, stays (well shaped and not tight), one petticoat, and a dress which from its elegance, gave no suspicion of the state of afderneath. As I had an opportunity of observing, these young ladies were drossed in perfectly sanitary style, nithough none but myself had any idea of the fact; and, in spite of it, they passed for two of the best-dressed girls at the fashionable watering places where at the fashionable watering-places where we were staying. I have since had several opportunities of observation, and I find that quite a number of the best-dressed women of my acquaintance have renounced the use of the chemise in favor of woven combinations. The majority, however, I beieve, are not induced to do so by sanitary

look stouter than is natural, to them; whereas the combinations, being made of a stretchy material, fit somewhat closely and show the symmetry of the figure. A Few Table Fashions.

considerations, but simply because the chomise is a bulky article and makes them

(Exchange.)
Though tulips are the "popular" dinner flower, small ferns in pure white vases are much used by ladies who affect the pure

and simple in their decorations. Bread is sliced very thin, and placed in a erviette (napkin) and a white satin ribbor tied around it, a small spray of ferns and small whits flowers being laid upon the table.

table. It is a whim of fashion that the lat-ter should be filled two-thirds with water, and a handful of sweet Parma violets subnerged in it. The figures on table linen are mostly geo

metrical, following the lead of wall papers and general household adorning. Floral lesigns are not altogether displaced, and umerous beautiful designs of these When fruit is served either before break

fast or at the table, a napkin being placed in the plate, beneath the fruit, a guest chould use that fruit napkin after eating the ruit, although he may be served with an ther at the able. The correct form is to set lunch table

rithout cloths, but this, of course, necessitates a hand-come, polished table top. Those who prefer to have something upon the oarluse in the center a satin or damask loth one yard square, heavily fringed. fron this are arranged fruits, flower while the plates and glasses are placed upon the outside polished border.

The Mother's Room.

[Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.]

Mrs. Arp has got a room. Every good nother has a room, a room that is hers. s her costle, her palace and her prison. She lives in that room, and sews and knits and reads and nurses her bairns in sickness and in health. Tis there she holds her courts and settles infantile disputes and gives smiles and frowns and sighs, a motierly queen over her little household. It is there she dreams of the happy days of her childhood and ponders over the past and dwells in sweet and sad memories over her wn dear kindred who are dead and cone and over her children who are up yonder waiting for her to come. It is there she keeps the dear old trunk that has got many a little treasured relic in it, a lock of golden air, a tiny shoe, a ring, a locket or some

This room is almost sacred; not quite, for e all intrude upon it, but it is hers-emphatically hers, and it must not be made too common, for it is sacred to her peace and dignity and when the children run over he house and frolic they must not run in there and they know it, for sometimes she is sick and sometimes tired and sometimes

[Gail Hamilton.]

"What shall be the education of a young roman!" First, good manners, And last and all the way between, good manners Reading and writing are often convenient ften obnoxious, never indispensable. Good manners imply every saving grace known under heaven among men and women Good manners are the absolutely trans parent medium of conveying to the world the benevolence of a good heart; music is a matter of throat and ears; painting is a matter of eyes and fingers; dancing is a feat of feet; and housekeeping is a question of he will. Good manners involve and in lude every department of the human be ng, body, soul and spirit, heart and mind, imagination and conscience, discrimination and moral judgment. The whole duty of man—to man—is embraced in good man-ners, and if bad manners were admitted nto heaven it would cease to be heaven.

A Girly Girl. [St. Louis Republican.]

Of all peoples on earth there are none who adividually are so chock full of enthusiasm and wild, way ward devotion to everything and everybody—dogs included—as the girly She is fresh, vigorous, and is the patentee

of the expressions "awfully sweet" and "per-fectly levely." Alverse criticism has no nore effect on her than Bloom of Youth or three-ply brunette's skin. It rolls off without a mark, like water from a duck's back. She could not be so frosh an | playful if it were not thus. Let her go on mashing bugs with her graceful amble and No. 4 shoes.

Strip the world of its girly girls and yo make even Shaw's garden a howling wilder ness. We cannot do without her. At least the dry goods cross-barred muslin men ould not very well.

Clara Belle on the Bang.

[Cincinnati Enquirer]
Bang goes the bang! Thus explosively the akers of fashion tried to discharge the style of hair arrangement which covered the forebead of the American girl. But the esult has been something of a fizzle and a rizzle—that is to say, the bang hasn't be bliterated, but simply compelled to curi teelf up into a slightly less straightforward and aggressive form. Just so long as low brows are prettily feminine, and nature ontinges to deny them to the majority, the tesired effect will be produced by the hair down over the excess of crania

To Have Potatoes Mealy.

(Beston Budget.) If you wish to have potatoes mealy do not let them stop boiling for an instant; and when they are done, pour the water off and let them steam for ten or twelve minutes

better to boil the potatoes in two waters. pouring off the first as soon as it comes to the boll, and then cover the potatoes a sec-ond time with cold water, adding a little

A Woman Makes Her Own Fortune New Orleans Picayune.] Mrs. Hill is one of the most remarkable comen in the Golden state, being now r

wealthy farmer. She owns 490 acres of wanthy farmer. She owns 400 acres of land and has 100 acres set out in pyrethrum, which plant is in full blosm in May. She has just built a new water-mill for grinding the flowers [for insect powder]. Lust year she manufactured ten tons ready for market, and it was a poor year. The coming year Mrs. Hill will plant 200 acres, with an immensely increased crop.

She began this novel industry in 1877 under great difficulties—her husband had died

der great difficulties-her husband bad died in 1861, leaving her with three little chil-dren, a debt of \$1,400, her little ranch mortgaged and no means for support except the fortuitous work of a pair of strong hands and a courageous heart. Within five years she had lifted the debt by washing, raising chickens, taking bearders, and turn-ing her hands to everything that was padble, early and late. To day her property and industry are worth \$500,000. She employs from fifty to eighty men, women and children on her ranch. Beside the pyrethrum Mrs. Hill has two acres in apple trees, from which she clears yearly about \$500, with eighteen acres in apricots, walnuts, poars and small fruits.

A Queer Craze.

[Philadelphia Press.]

A curious fancy has broken out among young ladies to collect as trophies and souv ours the prizes of young men who engage it athletic sports. Some say the idea is as old as the Olympic games. The craze, howvictors, and a lady who the other day visited the room of a friend who is afflicted with his mania described it by saying that it looked like a fancy bathing dress establishment." The cap, shirt and blue and white trunks worn by a young man belonging to a victorious crew were hung up as decoration, and near by on the wall were his oars, crossed and tied with the colors of the crew. Also in the same room were cricket-bats, articles, including a silver mug won as a This young lady is a great favorite fond of athletic sports, and at Mount Desert last summer showed herself quite a Diana in her love of open air exercise.

A Cruel Taste.

In Massachusetts many thousand sea-swallows are killed overy season and their skins sent to France to be dyed for millinery purposes. It is in the direction of fashio that the destruction of our many birds is most to be feared—and the fashion is simply a disgusting one. Nothing is more sicken-ing than a dead bird on a hat. It contrib-utes nothing to the good taste of the wearer. I have seen a woman in the horse-cars in winter with the whole front of a prairie hicken on her hat, with shrivelled beak and glass beads for eyes, projecting in the same direction as the woman's nose. The expression on her face seems to say, "What a nice ornament I wear on my hat!" What poor, cruel taste!

Women of Quito. [Inter Ocean.]

There is an unaccountable prejudice against water in every form, the natives pelieving that its frequent use will case evers and other diseases. When they have returned from a journey they never think washing their faces for several days, for ar of taking a fever, but wipe off the Quito woman ever washes her face. eps it constantly covered with chalk, and boks as if some one had been trying to whitewash her. I do not know how she rould look all fresco, but she has beautiful oyes, lips and teeth, and a beautiful figure until she reaches the age of 35 or thereabouts, when she either becomes very fat or very lean.

Bessie Runs the Engine.

[Wichita Eagle.] All the engineers on this end of the Fort Scatt road accompanied the remains of Mc-Daniels to Fort Scott last Saturday. On Sunday it was found necessary to send a train out to the Ninnescan bridge with maerial, and, no engineers being on hand. Mr. George N. Bauman put his daughter Bes a school girl, in charge of the engine ol girl, in charge of the engine, fur nished her with a fireman, and she did her work nobly, handling the throttle and guid ing the iron steed as well as the best man on the road. Bessie has frequently run the en-gine about the yard, but never before made a trip on the road. We don't know of any A Sense of Daintiness.

[Charleston News and Courier.] When a whift of fragrance floats up the stony, dusty street, and we thereupon meet a girl under a shady parasol, with a big bunch f violets at her throat, a sense of daintness of sweetness, of pleasure lingers with us, that is not always suggested by far more

costly attire and is not even dependent upon personal beauty in the wearer. A woman who sets a cluster of marguerites or pal pink roses, freshly gathered, against the waist of her blue gingham dress, in the early morning, shows that she has eye for the re finements of life and knows how to investhe soberest thoughts and things with a cer tain grace. Advice to a Young Woman.

[Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle,] My daughter, when you note that the mar who wants to marry you is just too awfully anxious to learn whether you can bake loaf of brend or wash a shirt with Chines

lexterity, before you close the negotiations do you just fly around and ascertain if the nan is either willing or able to earn enough lour to make a biscuit, and if he has paid for the shirt he wants you to wash. times out of ten, daughter, the man who only wants to marry a housekeeper can be kept more economically in the workhous than he can in your father's house.

Keep Home Healthful.

The person who should charge herself with the duty of keeping home healthful is the woman of the house. The majority of peo-ple who die in this country are children under 5 years of age, and this high rate is du-almost entirely to bad food and worse sand tation. It is the duty of the woman of th iouse to see to the good sanitation of th iwelling. The necessity should be impressed on women of stulying to enable them to in

Cure for Sore Throat.

Boston Budget. Everybody has a cure for sore throat, but Simple remedies appear to be most effectual. Sait and water is used by many as a gargle, but a little alum and honey dissolved in sage tea is better. An application of cloth wrung out of hot water and applied to the neck, changing as often as they begin to cool, has the most potency for removing i flammation of anything we ever tried. I should be kept up for a number of nears during the evening is usually the most con ent time for applying this remedy.

"Floral Adornist."

(Chicago Herald.) namely, that of "floral a lornist." The ladies who have graduated in the art will, for be given, also the house for an evening re-Three Georgia weekly newspapers are ed-

ited by women. The Meerschaum Body Guard.

[Miscelanea.] A traveler, recently returned from India, was relating his traveling impressions. "What a country that is!" he exclaimed. There every body keeps a dozen of servants had four whose sole business was to look after my pipe. One brought it to me, another filled it, a third lighted it for me "The fourth smoked it And the fourth?" it for me. Tobacco never agree! with me."

BLIND STUDENTS.

HOW THEY ARE TAUGHT TO READ. WRITE AND PLAY

plendid Besuits Achieved by Very Simple Means - Invention of the "Point Systems" of Writing - From

Writing to Type-Setting.

Chicago Tribune:

Very few persons blind or seeing, have
any idea of the advantages which are freely
offered for the amelioration of the wretched
condition of a large class of unfortunates, In a general way it is known that a blind man may be taught a few of the rudie of learning, and to care for himself certain limited circumstances and after a fashion. And it was not until the last five years that the education of the blind much exceeded those limits. During that time, however, progress has been made which puts the sightless nearly on a plane with those whose sight is perfect. The educated blind man of the period not only reads and writes, but he does

so with unerring accuracy-fluently and well. He studies geography, with maps; astronomy, with sidereal charts and apparatus; and ranges at will through all the hitherto forbidden fields of natural science. Let a seeing man, if he can, read to him a sheet of music; he will eribe it faster than it is read, and, taking it to a plane, will compel that instru-ment to give up a faultless interpretation of the notes. It is no uncommon sight in the neighborhood of a blind school to see a group of the pupils at a popular lecture taking notes which they will afterwards transcribe at length in their rooms. There are actually at length in their rooms. There are actually thousands of persons in Illinois, who never saw the light of day, carrying on an un-trammeled correspondence in characters which are neither English, nor Hebrew, nor Chaldaic, nor cuneiform—nor anything else than the "blind alphabet," Blind men teach their seeing friends to do this in order that

they may correspond as other people do. These splendid results have been achieved by means so simple that the wonder is that by means so simple that the wonder is that they were not known long before. Until recently the blind pupil received all in-struction orally. Everything was read to him for the ample reason that he could not himself read, except in the old-fashioned "raised-letter" literature, of which there was comparatively bittle in existence, but which, as is generally known, was traced with great labor by the ends of the blind man's fingers. This he could read, but, necessarily he could not write. It was to vercome this defect that the existing "point systems" were invented. These are two in number, the "New York point" and the "Braille point," between which there is only technical difference.
Taking the "Braille" by the way of illus-

ration, the blind man's writing outfit con-ists of paper, a "slate," and a "point." A date" is best described as two narrow strip of brass, folding together something like a pocket rule. In the upper arm are punetured two or more rows of oblong holes like

Upon the other arm, under each of th oles and conforming to its dimensions, are ix dots indented upon the brass, thus;

The pupil inserts a sheet of paper between the two arms and begins his work with his "point," which is simply a diminutive awl. By inserting this awl at any one of these points the paper is indented, but not punctured through, with a corresponding point. Thus an impression is made on the lower side of the paper which is appreciable to the touch. It will be seen that this system of six points admits of a practically unlim-ited number of combination. Up in these combinations are based the alphabet the other character in common use in any liter ature. Thus, .: expresses one letter, : another, and so on. As his characters are written in the reverse, the blind writer begins at the right and works backward, as in He

By these means the blind writer attains a very creditable speed, varying, of course, according to his individual talent. For purposes of ordinary correspondence be uses on note paper and makes an impreson that suffices for one or two readings be fore it is obliterated by contact with the fingers. For more enduring matter a special, heavy paper is employed. From writing to setting was but a step, and there are very few blind institutions not pro vided with a composing room and complete outlits of types, cases and other parapher print anything required Blind printers,

essmen and binders do all the work Maps for the blind, geometric figures. and all similar devices are easily made by raising the boundry lines and indicating cities, points, etc. by brass pegs. The eagerness with which the pupils seize upon these means of supplying their great defect, their great desire to learn, and their great appreciatios of what had been done for them con compensates in a great measure for their lack of sight. Inspectors of the blind delight to dwell upon the facile disposition and talents of their pupils, and exhibit evi lences of their work which teach the less clearly that intelligent philanthropy has done much to take away the sting of one of the greatest of physical bereavements.

Helping Them Out.

An old negro was halted after dark on one of the boulevards of New York by a man with a large club, who demanded his money

What does all dis beah mean?" "It manes ef you don't hand out your money I'll knock your head off your shoul-ders," and the robber spat on his hands and drew back to strike.

"Ef I had knowed yer was kerlectin' money for the Bartoidi pedistil I would hab nunted yer up and helped you poor New York folks outen de scrape long ago, for hit's a case of real distress," said the old negro, as he cheerfully banded over three rink tickets, an aged Barlow knife, and sev eral other articles of bric-a-bruc

[Norristown Herald.]

A clam opening contest took place in New York a few days ago, the winner opening 935 bivalves in 57 minutes. The winner in a clain opening contest doesn't pocket so much gate money as the champion in a walking match, but he is not so liable to die from over-exertion. The amount of brain work required in each feat is about equal The Military Button Craze

The craze among young ladies for mili-tary buttons has brought together several ollections, which include army insignia from every nation in the world.

THE KRUPP ON THE CONGO

lanter's Account of How He Kept the Peace With the Wy-yand.

a's Review of Stanley's New Book.] At Hojobo, or somewhere near that faristant section of the Congo country, Mr. culties with the natives, and but for his tact and patience the whole land would have been ablaze with tribal wars. He had set tied a peace which threatened to be of short duration, when a Kruppgun was brought upon the cens. This is Mr. Stan-ley's account of the operation:

"It was, therefore, decidedly necessary to fire the Krapp. They were turbulent through their unsophisticated wildness. They knew no better. A brass rod causes a war; a drop too much of beer ends in a war. If they have a bad dream some unfortunate is ac cused and burned for witchcraft, or hanged

for being an acres ory to it. A chief dies from ilines, and from two to fifty people are butchered over his grave. When the chief of Maye—the next village above our station—died, forty five people were slaugh-tered, and only a short time before Ibaka

strangled a lovely young girl because her lover had stekened and died. Two dayes of Baka quarreled over their beer, and one shot the other, the brother of the marferel man demanded twelve slaves, two bales of cloth, and 1,500 braws rods; one of the male slaves was beheaded. and a female slave was strangled that their and a termine slave was strangled that their spirit might accompany the spirit of the dead slave on its dreary journey to the un-known universe. That we had not been more involved in trouble with such people as these of Bolobe has been solely due to our

anxious care and large forbearance. Notwithstanding their professions of in credulity as to its power, it was observed that the chiefs took great care to keep at a respectful distance from the Krupp, and when floatly the artillerist, after sighting the piece to 2,000 yards, fired it, and the cannon spasmodically recoiled, their bodies, also instantaneously developed a convulsive movement, after which they sat stupidly gazing at one another. A second shot was fired to 3,000 yards, and the appearance of the column of water heaved by it satisfied the most skeptical that the implement was a

gun of immense power. The equal was a treaty of lasting peace.
ut it was not brought about without a long and firm negotiation on both sides. The Wy-yanzi chiefs asked so much money or that Stanley suddenly turned upon them and withdrew his proposals and started to leave the spot never to return. At this there was a tremendous scene. "No, no, no. Stop. Bula Maturi!" (This is Stanley's title among the natives.) "Dualla, stay! Nay, be not angry with us; this is but a cust in of the Wi-yanzi. If you had given us 4,000 brass rott; we should have asked for 10,000; if you had given us 50,000 we should have asked for ten times the amount. What Bula Matari leave us! No, never! Give us the moneys and we will go to celebrate the peace. Come, Bula Matari, drive away your anger," and Ibaka came and patted and rapped gently over my watch pocket as though my disgust and silent fury

stowed somewhere in that region.
"And," continued Ibaka, smiling humorously, "Joes not Bula Matari know the Wy-yanzi yet! Why, the greed of the Wyyanzi is as insatiable as the appetite of the hippopotamus. The trouble is ended, Bula Mataria. Wy-yanzi love money too well to risk fighting any more. Two troubles have cost them money; they will not care to provoke a third. So live in peace, and let your heart rest." Being a guileless, liberal, and susceptible creature, "I accepted Ibaka" hand, and then all departed to drink beer, with the strong purpose to live bereafter in peace with the white man and his people. The Wy-yanzi are not a vindictive people; why should I have been!

WHY BUCHANAN NEVER MARRIED.

Particulars of a Sad Love Afrair -A Very Unfortunate Misunderstanding.

(Ben: Perley Poor Mr. Buchanan was regarded almost at the commencement of his congressional career as a confirmed bachelor, his first and only love affair having had a sad termination. The lady's name was Ann Coleman, and she was the daughter of a proud, wealthy citizen of Lancaster. In 1820 Mr. Buchanas was elected to congress, and the next long session was continued far into July, when he returned home in the Baltimore stage, tired and dusty. After he had washed changed his clothes, he started out for a short stroll, in his dressing-gown and slip

Miss Grace Hubley, sister-in-law to Willam Jennings, who resided on the corner of South Queen street, the terminus of the southwest angle, happening to be sitting in the parlor with all the windows open on account of the heat, noticing that Mr. Bu-chanan had returned, went to the door, and, passing the compliments of the evening, invited him in, with which he complied, and they seated themselves by a large open window and engaged in conversation. Not more than twenty minutes thereafter an anonymous note was banded in to Miss Cole-man, stating that Mr. Buchanan was too tired to call on his affianced, but that he ould call on and sit and chat with Mis On perusing the note Miss Coleman was

naturally somewhat troubled, and her father insisted upon seeing it. His offended dignity was at once in arms, and within an hour the daughter was placed in the family carriage and on the way to Philadelphia to visit her sister, Mrs. Judge Hembill, the unrelenting nature of her father. probably feeling burt at th thus anonymously conveyed to her, although an intelligent and accompli-hed young lady. and very much attached to her bethroted she became despondent, and in ber r book laudanum and was a corpse on the day following her reaching Philadelphia. Mr. Buchanan requested permission to at-tend the funeral as chief mourner, but was rulely refused. Being a man of arcent affection, and entirely devoted to his betrothed, Mr. Buchanan's mind was nearly unbinged at the sudden calamity which has befallen him, so much so, indeed, that hi-friends became uneasy, and Judge Franklin persuaded him to remain in his family a few days. He never forgot his early love, eadly terminated.

The Man Next You

[Philadelphia Press.]
"There is a man whom I know to be a gentleman since once I saw him buy a pair of gloves," said a somewhat cynical observer of human nature. "To most people the girl behind the counter who waits on them is tool, an instrument of their convenience. He showed, without any fuss, that he recognized in her a human being at whose hands be desired a service. And it brightened up a dull face to be so treated."

This business of gettin; into right human slations with other human beings is a large part of the best culture of character. It is a mi-take when we touch on any other human life, however lightly and on the surface without recognizing practically the hu-manity which is there. We impoverish hu-man relations by this merely external contyet of man with man; and we do each other great harm at times by not getting a little

Now there is in the meanest and humblest something which rises up against thi-reatment. Men bate to be nothings, or to be tools. They want some recognition of their personality, their individuality. Much of the popular form of religious faith is vi of the popular form of rengent tal through demand for recognition. The tal through demand for recognition. The poor man says: "Here I am notedly, and despised by those who force the attention of the world upon themselves. But God heed me. I am not a nobedy to Him. And the His love will lift me out of this neglect and obscurity into recognition and honor remarkable what a part this element plays in the popular notion of the future life

Eastern stationers are reporting large sale of imported tissue papers since the craze for making decorative articles of this inex-pensive material began. This paper is produced in every conceivable shade and in gradation tints, and in the hands of ingenious persons of artistic tastes, undergoes wonder ful transformations in plaques, flowers, fans. screens, dolls, borbonieres, mais, picture frames, grates and hangings. Another de mand on the tissue paper trade are the paper balls and parties where guests appear attired in picturesque costumes composed of

A Cotulon Dinner. Boston Beacon.

No, "Hermoine." a cotillon dinner does not mean the gue to should follow the leader, over or under the table, or indulge in a romp that might smash the china. simply means that your partner should take you out between the acts—beg pardon, of course—and waltz in the hall, then you re-turn with renewed appetite to eat another

THE PURSER'S TALE.

[Luke Sharp in Detroit Free Press.] I don't know that I should tell this story When the purser told it to me I know it

was his intention to write it out for a magi zine. In fact he had written it, and I un-derstood that a noted American magazine had offered to publish it, but I have watched that magazine for over three years and have not yet seen the purser's story in it. I am sorry I did not write the story at the time, then perhaps I should have caught the exquisite peculiarities of the purser's way of telling it. I find myself gradually forgetting the story and I write it now for fear I shall forget it, and then be harassed all through after life by the remembrance of the forgetting.

There is no position more painful and tormenting than the consciou-ness of having had something worth the telling which, in spite of all mental effort, just cludes the memory. It hovers nebulously beyond the outstretched finger ends of recollection and like the fish that gets off the hook become more and more important as one keeps on remembering that he has forgotten it.

Perhaps after you read this story you will say there is nothing in it after all. Well, that will be my fault, then, and I can only regret that I did not write down the story when it was told to me, for as I sat in the purser's room that day it seemed to me that I had never heard anything more graphic

The purser's room was well forward on the Atlantic steamship. From one of the little red-curtained windows you could look down to where the steerage passengers were gath ered on the deck. When the bow of th great vessel dove down into the big Atlan-tic waves, the smother of foam that shot up-ward would be borne along with the wind and spatter like rain against the purser' win-low. Something about this intermit-tant patter on the pane reminded the purser of the story and so he told it to me

There were a great many steerage p gers getting on at Queenstown, he said, and as you saw when we were there it is quite burry getting them on board. Two officer stand at each side of the gangway and take up the tickets as the people crowl forward. They generally have their tickets in their hands and there is no trouble. I stood there and watched them coming on, there was a fu-s and a jam. "What is it! I asked the officer.

"Two girls, sir, say they have lost their I took the girls aside and the stream humanity poured in. One was about 14 and the other, perhaps, 8 years old. The little one had a firm grip of the elder's hand and she was crying. The larger girl looked me

she was crying. The larger girl look straight in the eye as I questioned her. "Where's your tickets?"

"We lost thim, sur."

"I dunno, sur." "Do you think you have them about you

r in your luggagef "We've no luggage, sur.
"Is this your sister?"

She is, sur. "Are your parents aboard?"

"Are you all alone! "We are, sur."

"You can't go without your tickets." The younger one began to cry the more and the elder answered:
"Mabbe we can foind thim, sur."

They were bright-looking, intelligent

children, and the larger girl gave me such quick, straightforward answers, and it eemed so impossible that children so young should attempt to cross the ocean without tickets that I concluded to but them come. and resolved to get at the truth on the way Next day I told the deck steward to bring

the children to my room.

They came in just as I saw them the day before, the elder with a tight grip on the

hand of the younger, who e eyes I never caught sight of. She kept them resolutely on the floor while the other looked straight at me, with her big, blue eyes.
"Well; have you found your tickets?" "No, sur."
"What is your name?"

Bridget what?" "Bridget Mulligan, sur." "In Kildormey, sur."

"Where did you get your tickets?"
"From Mr. O'Grady, sur."
Now I knew Kildormey as well as I know this ship, and I knew O'Grady was on agent there. I would have given a good deal at that moment for a few words with him. But I knew of no Mulligans there, al though, of course, there might be. I wa-born myself only a few miles from Kilder children can buille a purser that's been twenty years on the Atlantic when they sa they came from his own town, almost, by the powers they deserve their passage over the ocean. I had often seen grown

try to cheat their way across, and I may say none of them succeeded on my ships, Where's your father and mother! "Both dead, sur."
"Who was your father?"

"He was a pinshioner, sur."
"Where dil he draw his pension?" "I dunno, sur Where did you get the money to buy "The neighbors, sur, and Mr. O'Grad

helped, sur."
"What neighbors! Name them. She unbesitatingly named a number many of whom I knew, and as that had fre quently been done before I saw no reason to oubt the girl's word.

"Now," I said, "I want to speak with you You may go. The little one held to her sister's hand and ried bitterly.

When the other was gone, I drew the child

toward me and questioned her but could no get a word in reply. For the next day or two 1 was bothere

newhat by a big Irishman named O'Do neil, who was a fire brand among the stee age passengers. He would harangue then at all hours on the wrongs of Ireland and the desirability of blowing England out of the water, and as we had many English and in passengers, as well as many peacable Irishmen, who complained of the coable Irishmen, who companies kicking up-stant ructions O'Donnell was kicking upwas forced to ask him to keep quiet. came very abusive one day and tried t strike me. I had him locked up until be

While I was in my room, after this little xcitement, Mrs. O'Donnell came to me an i pleaded for her rascally husband. I had no ticed her before. She was a poor, weak ticed her before. She was a poor, weak, broken hearted woman whom her husban i made a slave of, and I have no doubt beat her when he had the chance. She was evher when he had the chance. She was eva-dently afraid of him, and a look from him seemed to take the life out of her. He was a worse tyrant, in his own small way. than England had ever been.

"Well, Mrs. O'Donnell." I said, "Fil let your bustonit go, but he will have to keep a civil tongue in his head and keep his hands off people. I've seen men for less put in irons during a voyage and handed over to the au-thorities when they landed. And now I want you to do me a favor. There are two children on board without tickets. I don't be-lieve they ever had tickets, and I want to find out. You're a kind-hearted woman, Mrs. O'Donnell, and perhaps the children

I had the two called in, and they came hand in hand as usual. The elder looke i at me as if she couldn't take her eyes off my "Look at this woman," I said to her, "she

wants to speak to you. Ask her some ques-tions about herself," I whispered to Mrs. "Acushla," said Mrs. O'Donnell, with infinite tenderness, taking the disengaged hand of the elder girl. "Tell me, darlint, where

yees are from I suppose I had spoken rather harship to them before, although I had not intended to do so, but however that may be at the first words of kindness from the lips of their country woman both girls broke down and cried as if their hearts would break woman drew them toward her, and

stroning the fair hair of the elder girl, tried to comfort her while the tears streamed down her own cheeks. "Hush acushia, bush darlint : shure the gentlemin's not goin' to be tard wid two poor childher goin' to .

strange country."

Of course it would never do to admit that the company could carry emigrants free through any matter of sympathy, and I must bave appeared rather hard-hearted when I told Mr., O'Donnell that I would have to take them back with me to Cork. I sent the children away, and then arranged with Mrs. O'Donnell to see after them during

the voyage, to which she agreed if her hus-band would let her.

I could get nothing from the girl except that she had lost her ticket, and when we sighted New York I took them to the steepage and asked the passengers if any on would assume charge of the children and pay their passage. No one would do so, "Then," I said, "these children will go

back with me to Cork, and if I find they never bought tickets they will have to go to There were groans and bisses at that, and I gave the children in charge of the cabin stewardess with orders to see that they did not leave the ship. I was at last convinced that they had no friends among the steerage passengers. I intended to take them ashor passengers. I intended to take them ashore myself before we sailed, and I knew of good hands in New York who would see to the little waifs, although I did not propose that any of the immigrants should know that an old bachelor purser was fool enough to pay for the passage of a couple of unknown Irish children.

We landed our cabin passengers and the tender came alongside to take the steerage passengers to Castle garden. I got the stew ardess to bring out the children, and the two stood and watched every one get aboard th

tender.

Just as the tender moved away there was a wild shrick among the crowded passengers, and Mrs. O'Donnell flung her arms above er head and cried in the most heart-rend ing tone I ever heard:
"Oh, my babies,"

"Kape quiet, ye divil," hissel O'Donnell, rasping her by the arm. The terrible ten or woman sank in a heap at his feet. "Bring back that boat," I shouted and the

"Come aboard here, O'Donnell." "I'll not!" he yelled, shaking his fist at

a. "Bring that man aboard." They soon brought him back and I gave his wife into the care of the stewarders. She speedily rallied, and hugged and kissed her hildren as if she would never part

"So, O'D muell, these are your children!" "Yis, they are; an I'd have ye know I'm in a frac country, bedad, and I dare ye to lay a finger on me. "Don't dare too much," I said, "or I'll

ry. Now if I let the children go will you and their passage money to the company when you get it? "I will," he answered, although I knew be "Well," I said, "for Mrs. O'Donnell's sake

how you what can be done in a free coun-

Fill let them go, and 1 must congratulate any free country that gets a citizen like Of course I never heard from O'Donnell

The Hero Was Slain.

[Detroit Free Press.] One of the farmers who succeeded in icking his wagon into place at the City fall market the other morning had several rands to do around the neighborhood, and eleft his son of 14 on the vehicle to make ale of five or six bags of potatoes. The d man had scarcely disappeared when a il distributor came along and threw into wagon the first chapters of a sensationa The boy grabbel for the "fly" and egan to devour the literature in chunks and hunks, and of the half dozen people who me along and asked the price otatoes, he answered only one, and him so absent mindetly that no sale was made. In about half an hour the old man returned. He halted at the back end of the wagon and

ook in the situation and then asked "George, what you got?" "What about?"

"Injuns."
"Do they kill anybody?" They are after a feller, and I guess they'll "He's the hero I s'pose?"

Don't sell any taters, does he!" I thought not, but I reckon I'll soon know be reason why?" With teat he leisurely climbed over the all-board, reached for the boy, and the daking up that youth received will make

im dream of earthquakes for many night-"You don't want any more of that," said he old man as he finished business and ropped the fly overboard. "The Injuns not mly overtook the hero but they slew him in the most fatal manner, and don't you for Now you git up'n gallop and sell

these taters!

[New Orleans Times-Democrat.] Mr. S. G. Sattay, a Hindo Brahmin, of Sholapore, metile Initia, is now in New Orleans, acquiring a knowledge of western industrial art in Stern's factory. In the ourse of a conversation upon India and the Hindoos he gave some interesting views, from a patriotic standpoint, and said "Death under the wheels of Juggernaut was suicide in the pre ence of God; an acknowledgment to the Almighty that life was too much to be borne, and a flinging of one's self on the Al-mighty's mercy. Was not that much bet-ter than occidental suicide, regardless of God or man!

A Logical Reason.

[Exchange.]
A noted author says: "Friendship with the man of specious airs, friendship with the insinuatingly soft, friendship with the gliboursied-these are injurious." ints for the fact that marriage between actre-ses and their advertising agents are generally unhappy.

THE STANDARD JOKE IT ALPHABET.

[H. C. Dedge,]
A's the green Apple that kills little boys;
B is the Barber and Bearding-house joys;
C's the spring Chicken and Clam in the
Chowder;
D is the Dude and the Dynamite powder; D is the Dule and the Dynamite powder; E is he Editor killing a post; F is the Foot, as Chicago girls show it; G's empty Gan, G at and Gas-meter utter; it is the Hash and the Hair in the butter; I is the lee man, of course, and Ice-cream; J is the Jersey musquite supreme; K is the Kick of the mule when he's mad; L is the Lover who's bounced by the dad; M is May Moving and Mother-in-law; N's the Niagara hackman's big maw; O's the One Oyster in church stews so thin; P's Picule, Plainber, Pie, Poet and Pin, Q is the Question that's popped by us all; K is the Holler Rink, newest of all; S is the Stovepipe and Shortcake so murky; I is the Tramp and Thanksgiving Turkey; U's the Umbrelia, that' U-sd-up and lent; is the Tramp and Thanksgiving Turkey is the Umbrelia, that '- U ed up and lent

X is the small Easter bunnet's Xpense; Y is the leap Year, that tickles men folk Z is the Zany who "chastnuts" these jo Wasn't Responsible.

Judge-Marphy, you are drunk again.
M.—Ye b, your ronor. J.—Didn't you solemnly promise me when I let you off last time that you would never set drunk. Exchange.] t you would never get drunk again? M .- Yesh, your-ronor, but I wush drunk at the time, your-ronor. I wushn't 'sponsible

The Caspian Petroleum It is claime I that while Pennsylvania pe-

troleum yields 70 per cent of kerosene, with a large residuum of lubricating oil the Casplan product yields but 28 par sent, of kero seas, with a refuse fit only for fuel

A Maine concern has received an Australian orde. for three car-loads of clothes-pine